

T. E. Ellsworth, of Washington, Reported Dead; Leo K. Drury Hurt in New York Disaster
30 DIE IN WALL ST. BLAST; TRACED TO RED BOMB

ONE D. C. MAN KILLED
THREE OTHERS HURT
IN WALL ST. BLOW UP

T. E. Ellsworth, Aged 20, Fatally Injured While on Sightseeing Trip Through Financial Lane—L. K. Drury, Son of Local Banker Has Thigh Fractured—L. L. Roberts Suffers Broken Leg

One Washingtonian is reported killed and three were injured in the explosion at Wall and Broad streets New York, at noon yesterday.

T. E. Ellsworth, 20 years old, son of Goodwin D. Ellsworth, of 1248 Girard street northwest, was reported dead last night at the Broad Street Hospital, in New York. The injured are:

Leo K. Drury, 21 years old, son of Peter A. Drury, president of the Merchants' Bank of Washington; Lawrence L. Roberts, son of F. C. Roberts, of the Home Apartments, Seventh and K streets northwest, and Worth Bagley, not positively identified as a Washington man.

Drury's Thigh Broken.

Drury received a fractured thigh and is now in a New York hospital, with his mother in attendance. Roberts suffered a fracture of the left leg, being struck by a falling block from the building as he was leaving. He is in the Post Graduate Hospital, New York. Parents of both men received telephone communications from hospital officials last night, saying they were seriously injured but out of danger.

Leo Drury is employed as a loan clerk in the United States Mortgage Trust Company at 56 Cedar street, New York. Details of his injury have not been received. He has been in New York four months. Mr. Drury's father returned from a visit to his son Wednesday night.

Drury attended school at St. John's College in this city and Mount St. Mary's College at Emmittsburg, Md. He makes his local residence with parents at 1721 Rhode Island avenue northwest.

Had Just Left Building.

Roberts had just left the bank building which was ruined and was on the opposite corner when the explosion occurred, according to advice received by his parents last night. Roberts was employed by the Newcomb Printing Company. He was employed by the Washington Star before going to New York.

Although Mrs. Josephus Daniels was a brother by the name of Worth Bagley, the name of one of the Washington men reported injured, he said last night that he is in the Hague, Holland, where he is a naval attaché. Mrs. Daniels said the injured man is not a near relative of the family. He could not be identified here last night.

Ellsworth is the son of Goodwin D. Ellsworth, employed in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster General as superintendent of Post Office Service.

Disaster Ends Vacation.

He had been spending his vacation in the Adirondack Mountains, and left Saranac Lake in time to arrive in New York in the late forenoon yesterday. He had planned to spend a few hours sightseeing before boarding a train.

Shortly after the explosion a newspaper man found a trunk check in the vicinity of the explosion. He went the check to a newspaper man here, directing the local man to investigate at Union Station. The Washingtonian found a trunk bearing a check number corresponding with that found in New York, and Ellsworth's identity was established.

When the information was wired New York last night, the message was answered with one announcing that Ellsworth had died during the evening at the Broad Street Hospital.

Ellsworth's father was in Philadelphia last night and efforts were made to communicate to him the news of his son's death. The young man's mother suffered a nervous breakdown when she received the news.

Chance Opens
Postal Branch
In Trust Bldg.

Postmaster Transforms Old Bank to Sub-Station in Five Hours.

Five hours toll last night by employees of Postmaster M. O. Chance transformed the first floor of the Southern Building, at Fifteenth and H streets, from a bank to a post-office.

Bank tellers' cages became money order and stamp sales windows, and at 12:01 this morning a thoroughly-equipped postal substation was opened to the public.

Helps Business Men.

This morning forty carriers, who have heretofore been routed from the City Postoffice near Union Depot, will start out from the new headquarters, greatly expediting delivery service in the business district.

There will be twenty-four hour service in all departments except delivery. The retail stamp sales division will be open all night. Washingtonians and transients wishing late closing for New York mail will be pleased to learn that this office will have a special final block from the building as he was leaving. He is in the Post Graduate Hospital, New York. Parents of both men received telephone communications from hospital officials last night, saying they were seriously injured but out of danger.

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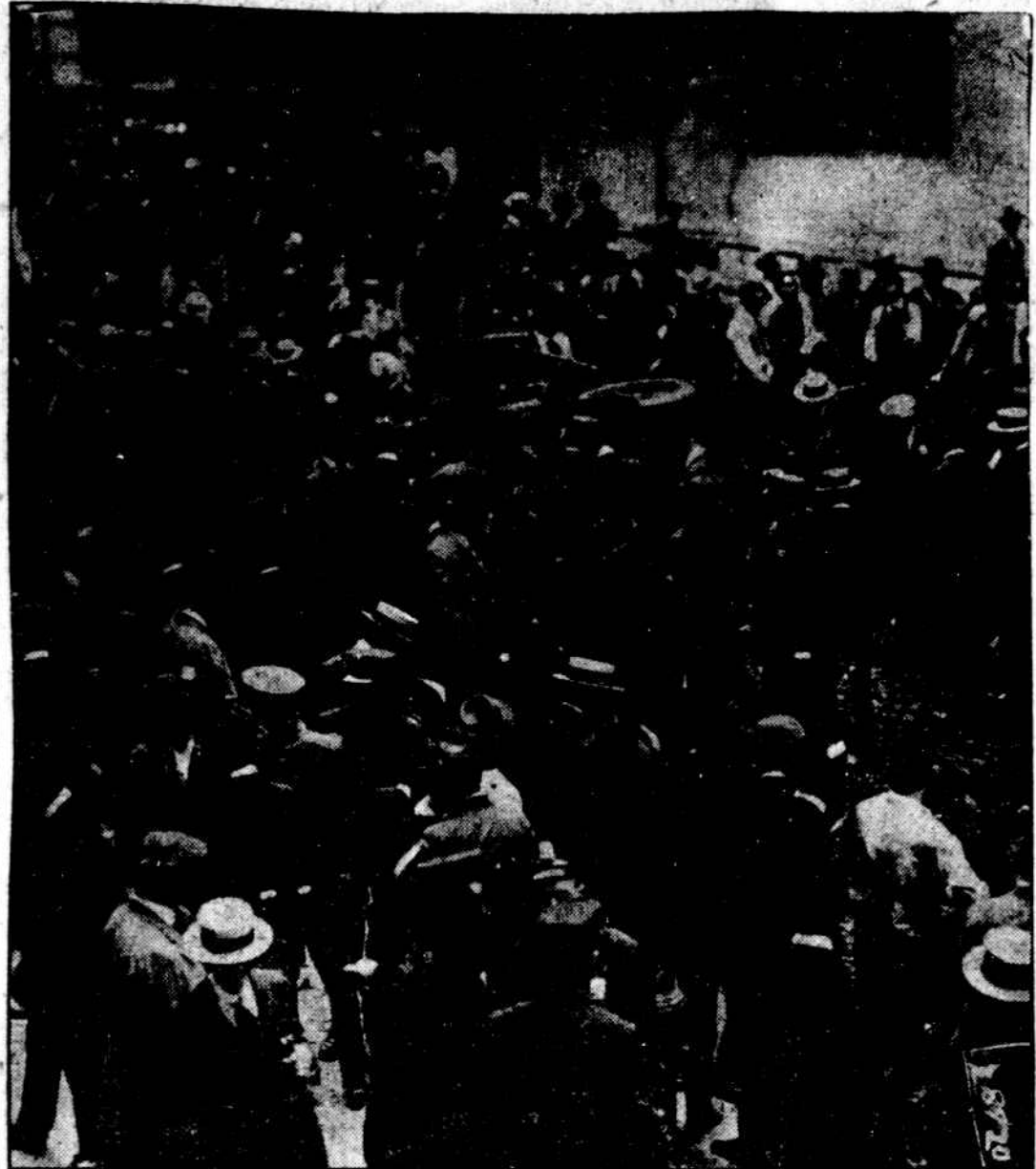
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ONE SMALL SECTION OF THE HALF CRAZED CROWD
JOSTLING THROUGH WALL STREET, AFTER BLAST



Small section of one of the mobs which pushed everywhere trying to get word of friends or relatives following the bomb explosion at the office of J. P. Morgan and Company. This picture was taken within a few minutes after the explosion and rushed to The Washington Herald. Newspapersmen in the picture, noticeable in the foreground, distinguishable by the cards on their hatbands.

Bayonets Gleam in Wall Street
As Troops Guard U. S. Treasury
Near Tottering Walls of Bank

By WINIFRED VAN DUSER.
(Universal Service Staff Correspondent.)

New York, Sept. 16.—A war-torn city rising from stinging clouds of flying glass and dust; craters torn in the pavement where lime brown pools ooze toward the gutters; windows gaping like sightless eyes. This was "Broad and Wall" today, two hours after the explosion which stopped the beating of the country's financial heart and filled hospitals with dead and dying.

A mile away, at Brooklyn Bridge, the air vibrated to the clang of ambulance gongs and shrieking sirens. Persons talked in little throaty gasps; everybody in downtown New York had felt the terrific impact and reacted to it.

Soldiers Guard Treasury.

I fought my way through Nassau street. Policemen and soldiers standing with bayonets fixed halted all who wished to approach the disaster. Besides the danger of tottering walls and the constant rain of glass there was that which demanded special care; Uncle Sam's treasury in one of the very buildings before which it happened.

It was my impression that an encampment had been opened up on the steps of the subterranean; no one was allowed upon that side of the street. If it is true that some one set off a bomb with the idea of robbing the building that some one is a disappointed person tonight.

The biggest policeman I ever have seen took me to the middle of Wall street and I looked upward.

The walls of the United States assay building, of the J. P. Morgan and Company Building, the Stock Exchange, and those adjoining, looked as if they had suffered an attack of smallpox. They were scarred and nicked as high as the seventh and eighth stories; charred shreds of awning fluttered dizzily above the street.

The policeman said: "Dynamite blows down. Even if a wagon load of dynamite had exploded accidentally, breaking and tossing about bits of window bars and other metal, they would not have risen with such force as to chop pieces out of granite eight stories above the street. But shrapnel, sent off by a bomb would. Besides look!"

He held out to me a jagged piece of shining metal two or three inches long. It was polished and wicked. He said he had picked it up on the steps of the Morgan Building.

BANKERS ALERT
FEARING PLOTS

Guards Show Increased
Vigilance at District
Money Vaults.

While there was no increase of guards in the larger banks of Washington last night to correspond to the action taken by most of the large cities, there was an unusual air of vigilance.

At the Treasury Department, where strong vigil is always maintained, special precautions were taken.

Bankers in many cities in the East, fearing the explosion in New York is only the first of nationwide bomb outrages, took extra care in guarding their buildings.



LEO K. DRURY, Who was seriously injured yesterday in the explosion which wrecked the Morgan Bank building. He is the son of Peter A. Drury, president of the Merchants' Bank of Washington. Mrs. Drury, his mother, was in New York at the time of the accident and is with him. Drury, who is 21 years old, sustained a fractured thigh.

M'SWINEY EXHAUSTED
BUT STILL LINGERS

London, Sept. 16.—"My brother is very exhausted but there has been no great change in his condition," Miss Annie MacSwiney announced when she emerged from a visit with him in Brixton prison this evening.

BANK BOMB PROOF;
COST FOUR MILLIONS

New York, Sept. 16.—Total destruction of the J. P. Morgan building was avoided today largely on account of the pains taken by its architects to make it bomb proof.

FOUR MEN IN WAGON FLED
JUST BEFORE EXPLOSION;
SOUGHT AS ITS AUTHORS

'Bolshevist Plot,
Explosion in Auto,'
Says Millionaire

New York, Sept. 16.—John Markie, multi-millionaire independent coal operator, who was prominent in the negotiations with President Roosevelt over the 1902 coal strike, said that today's explosion was in the wrecked motor car. Markie, who lives at the Hotel Plaza, talked in St. Vincent's Hospital. He had gone there with his mining engineer, A. B. Jessup, both having been cut by glass in the Morgan office. He said:

"Mr. Jessup and I were in Mr. Morgan's private office talking with Junius Spencer Morgan and Mr. Joyce, one of the partners of the house, when the explosion occurred. After the roar of the explosion, glass fell in a shower over all of those in the office and outside clerks were toppled from their seats to the floor. All of them were cut by glass or otherwise hurt."

"Mr. Morgan did not seem to be hurt, but Mr. Joyce (father of William Joyce, who was killed), was badly cut."

"Both Mr. Jessup and I are technical men and we say positively that the center of the explosion was an automobile in front of the office on the Wall street side. We rushed to the window immediately after the explosion and from our experience with explosives we saw that the force of the explosion had radiated from the spot where the motor car had stood. I don't know what else went up, but the origin of the blow-up was the automobile. And there is question in my mind that it was the work of Bolsheviks."

Infernal Machine Loaded With Window Weights, and Believed to Have Weighed 100 Pounds—Detectives Think It Was Destined for Interior Either of Morgan Bank or Subtreasury, but Plans Miscarried Through Temporary Blocking of Wagon Which Carried It—315 Injured.

New York, Sept. 16.—Thirty dead, five missing, 315 injured is the toll tonight of the explosion which occurred at noon today at Broad and Wall streets, between the office of J. P. Morgan and Company and the United States Subtreasury.

William J. Burns, house detective for J. P. Morgan and Company, has just declared that he is certain the explosion was by design.

The bomb, he believes, was brought to the corner in a wagon, which was abandoned by the four men who brought it. It was composed of a high explosive and had window-weights for missiles. Thus it was a mobile high explosive shell of greater dimensions, probably, than any ever thrown in the world war.

Accident Theory Offered.

One theory is offered. That is that the explosion was an accident occasioned by the colliding of a wagon load of explosives with an automobile.

A messenger boy declared that a few minutes before the explosion he saw the wagon that carried the explosive abandoned at the curb in front of the Morgans by four men. These four, he said, were joined by two others. This description, however, it is pointed out, would fit the theory of either accident or design.

Within an hour after the blast every reserve of the New York police force was in the area and a battalion of Federal troops from Governors Island were standing guard with fixed bayonets.

SIXTEEN OF DEAD IDENTIFIED;
SOME STRIPPED OF CLOTHING

New York, Sept. 16.—The bodies of those killed in the Wall street explosion were taken to the Old Slip police station, the Broad Street Hospital and the Volunteer Hospital. Later they were removed to the city morgue, First avenue and Twenty-ninth street.

An incomplete list of the dead follows:

Irving D. Jacobs, curb broker, 50 Broad street.

William F. Hutchinson, insurance man, 129 Broadway.

William Joyce, clerk in the office of J. P. Morgan and Company, son of T. W. Joyce, head of the gold shipment division of the company.

Rudolph Porting, 26 years old, McAuley avenue, Jamaica, L. I.

Miss Caroline M. Dickinson, 25 years old, 73 Hanover street, Elmhurst, L. I.

Mildred Zylander, 44 Commerce street.

G. V. Barnes, address not learned.

Joseph Cranbury, address not learned, and announced that identification is not positive.

Mrs. Margaret A. Drury, stenographer, 132 Ridgewood avenue, Brooklyn.

E. Ellsworth, 1228 Girard street, Brooklyn.

Bernard J. Kennedy, clerk, 443 Tenth street, Brooklyn.

Charles Lindorff, 45 East Fifth street; locality not given, probably Long Island City.

MacArthur, address not learned.

Colin Barr McGuire, 15 Arthur street, Yonkers.

Alfred Mayer, 311 West 128th street (announced that identification is not certain).

Col. Charles Neville, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. Army, 44 West Forty-fourth street.

E. A. Sweet, Huntington, Long Island.

Robert Westover, 16 years old, 232 West Twenty-fourth street.

Unidentified workman, 5 feet 5 inches tall, about 50 years old, weight 125 pounds.

Unidentified workman, 5 feet 7 inches, brown hair, blue eyes, dark gray suit and tan oxford shoes.

Unidentified woman, 40 years old, 5 feet 10 inches, 175 pounds, no clothing, brown hair and eyes, apparently a Jewess.

Unidentified boy, about 14, 5 feet, 5 inches, brown hair and eyes, no clothes.

Unidentified white-haired woman, about 55 years old, blue eyes, black waist and white spots, black skirt and stockings, and black lace shoes.

Unidentified woman, about 25 years old, five feet tall, weight 120 pounds, gray waist, tan coat, black stockings, black pumps and white cotton underwear.

Unidentified woman, about 25, tattered clothing, ring with white stone on left hand.

Unidentified man about 40 years old, 5 feet 10 inches, brown eyes. The body was stripped bare of clothes by the explosion.

Government Detectives Go to Scene
Of Outrage to Aid in Investigation
And Help Track Down Perpetrators

Federal officials in Washington hurried to New York yesterday to aid in investigation of the Wall Street explosion which appeared last night, to have an international angle.

Assisting in the inquiry were Chief William J. Flynn, bureau of investigation, Department of Justice, and army intelligence officers.

David J. Price, explosives expert of the Department of Justice, was called to examine the ruins and endeavor to discover the cause of the explosion.

Ray Baker, director of the mint, who was in Philadelphia, wired to his office he was leaving at once for New York. It was learned here last night that the billions of dollars worth of gold and coin stored in the vaults of the subtreasury were untouched by the blast.

At the time of the explosion \$50,000,000 worth of gold was being transferred from the subtreasury to the new assay building, the windows of which were shattered.

Reports to Red Cross headquarters here told how more than 100 Red Cross nurses and eight ambulances were on hand.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.

\$60,000,000 Papers
Gone as Explosion
Causes Confusion

New York, Sept. 16.—Large amounts of stock and bonds, most of them non-negotiable, disappeared during the confusion after the explosion.

Their value was estimated by one brokerage firm as possibly reaching \$60,000,000.

SOCIOLOGY IN SERGE AND STRAW

THE season of irresponsibility is at hand. Come, let us twine round our brows wreaths of poison ivy (that is for idleness), and wander hand in hand with sociology in the summer fields.

Likely as not the world is flat. The wise men have tried to prove that it is round, with indifferent success. They pointed out to us a ship going to sea, and bade us observe that, at length, the convexity of the earth hid from our view all but the vessel's topmast. But we picked up a telescope and looked, and saw the decks and hull again. Then the wise men said: "Oh, pshaw! anyhow, the variation of the intersection of the equator and the ecliptic proves it." We could not see this through our telescopes, so we remained silent. But it stands to reason that if the world were round the queues of Chinamen would stand straight up from their heads instead of hanging down their backs, as travelers assure us they do.

Another hot-weather corroboration of the flat theory is the fact that all of life, as we know it, moves in little, unavailing circles. More justly than to anything else, it can be likened to the game of baseball. Crack! we hit the ball, and away we go. If we earn a run (in life we call it success) we get back to the home plate and sit upon a bench.

The circumnavigators of the alleged globe may have sailed the rim of a watery circle back to the same port again. The truly great return at the high tide of their attainments to the simplicity of a child. The billionaire sits down at his mahogany to his bowl of bread and milk. When you reach the end of your career, just take down the sign "Goal" and look at the other side of it. You will find "Beginning Point" there. It has been reversed while you were going around the track.

But this is humor, and must be stopped. Let us get back to the serious questions that arise when

The truly great return at the high tide of
their attainments to the simplicity of a child.

ever sociology turns summer boarder. You are invited to consider the scene of the story—wild, Atlantic waves, thundering against a wooded and rock-bound shore—in the Greater City of New York.

The town of Fishampton, on the south shore of Long Island, is noted for its clam fritters and the summer residence of the Van Plushvelts.

On the fifteenth of June the Van Plushvelts boarded up the front door of their city house, carefully deposited their cat on the sidewalk, instructed the caretaker not to allow it to eat any of the ivy on the walls, and whizzed away in a forty-horsepower to Fishampton to stray alone in the shade—Amarriliss not being in their class. If you are a subscriber to the Tondies' Magazine, you have often seen—You say you are not? Well, you buy it at a news-stand, thinking that the newsdealer is not wise to you. But he knows about it all HE knows—HE knows! I say that you have often seen in the Tondies' Magazine pictures of the Van Plushvelts' summer home; our business is with young Haywood Van Plushvelt, sixteen years old; heir to the century of millions, darling of the financial gods and great grandson of Peter Van

By O. HENRY

Plushvelt, former owner of a particularly fine cabbage patch that has been ruined by an intrusive lot of downtown skyscrapers.

One afternoon young Haywood Van Plushvelt strolled out between the granite gate posts of "Dolce far niente"—that's what they called the place; and it was an improvement on dolce far niente. I can tell you.

Haywood walked down into the village. He was human, after all, and his prospective millions weighed upon him. Wealth had wreaked upon him his direfullest. He was the product of private tutors. Even under his first hobby-horse had tan bark been strewn. He had been born with a gold spoon, lobster fork and fish-net in his mouth. For which I hope, later, to submit justification, I must ask your consideration of his laberdashery and tailoring.

Young Fortunatus was dressed in a neat suit of dark blue serge, a neat, white straw hat, neat low-cut tan shoes, linen of the well-known "immaculate" trade mark, a neat, narrow four-in-hand tie, and carried a slender, neat, bamboo cane.

Down Persimmon street (there's never tree north of Hagerstown, Md.) came from the village "Smoky" Dodson, fifteen and a half, worst boy in Fishampton.

"Smoky" was dressed in a ragged red sweater, wrecked and weather worn golf cap, run-over shoes, and trousers of the "serviceable" brand. Dust, clinging to the moisture induced by free exercise, darkened wide areas of his face. "Smoky" carried a baseball bat, and a league ball that advertised itself in the rotundity of his trousers pocket. Haywood stopped and passed the time of day.

"Going to play ball?" he asked. "Smoky" eyes and countenance confronted him with a frank blue—and freckled scrutiny.

"He?" he said, with deadly mirth.

CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN